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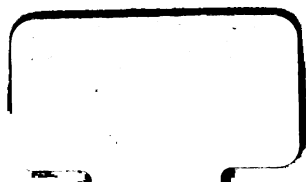
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MELODIES IN VERSE

BY

MARY B. EHRLMANN

AD7329



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WORKS OF MARY B. EH RMANN



The Child's Song Garden
The Child's Song Treasury
Sleepy Songs for Sleepy Eyes
Little Songs for Little Folks
Fairy Songs from Fairy-land
Songs of Happiness

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In memory of my father whose influence was the inspiration of my childhood, and to my husband whose constant and loving encouragement has been the inspiration of these verses.

VILLA FELICE,
Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati.

*These verses are but little songs,
Old-fashioned, one may say;
Perhaps they'll cheer a heart that's sad
And drive some tears away.*

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THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS

HERE let me stay within this sylvan glade
Whose calm repose invites the soul to rest;
Here would I listen to sweet Nature's voice,
Where yonder beech tree casts its cooling shade.

O world of peace beyond a world of care!
Where every sound is music to the ear;
Where trees in gentle whispers call the birds,
Those silver warblers of the summer air!

And at my feet a laughing valley lies
And by its side a streamlet dances on
In restless motion, ever gay and free,
While through the air a swallow, darting, flies.

And as I gaze into the azure sky
Where fleecy clouds sail on like ships at sea,
I hear the drowsy bleating of the flocks
In sweet contentment in the fields near by.

O Spirit of the Woods, I fain would be
Forever 'neath the magic of thy sway!
Too soon the busy world is calling me,
One long and fond farewell—I must away!

LIFE'S JOURNEY

WE must work and not mind the heartache,
We must smile and never sigh
For the days that have gone forever
And the withered hopes that die.

The shadow must follow the sunshine,
For so it was meant to be;
There is rough, as well as smooth sailing,
On the broad expanse of Life's sea.

So work on, and be not disheartened
By the tasks that come with each day,
For failures but make us the stronger
To conquer what hinders our way.

Then in time we shall enter the harbor,
When we've braved Life's heavy gales;
We are safe at last—drop the anchor—
And furl the wind-swept sails.

THE GOLDEN WHEAT

GOLDEN blades of wheat are waving
In the sunlight of the fields,
And the farmer's heart rejoices
In the wealth the harvest yields.

Many an hour of weary labor
Spent in ploughing of the soil,
Brings to him at last his solace
And reward for honest toil.

Would the wheat were always waving
Underneath the summer sky!
Would that Life could last forever
And that Youth could never die!

But, alas, when crimson sunset
Bars with gold the western sky,
Then the wheat, no longer waving,
Low upon the fields will lie.

In that hour when beauty fadeth,
Greater usefulness is born:
So our lives will be hereafter,
When Death brings Eternal Morn!

(Set to music by the author.)

SPRING IS COMING

SPRING is coming! hark! her footsteps
Echo in the forest bare;
As she walks among dead branches,
E'en a new life wakens there.

Spring is coming! sing the robins
Of her praise in sweetest lays;
And they chirp in merry chorus,
"Soon will come the sunny days."

Spring is coming! laugh the children
As they watch with eager glee,
For the tiny pinkish blossoms
On the dear old apple tree.

(Set to music by the author.)

THE END OF SUMMER

SWEET Summer! Darling of the year!
And Nature's loveliest child!
A willing prisoner am I here,
By thy fair charms beguiled.

Had I the Poet's art to sing
Thy praise in classic rhyme,
Then would my song forever ring
Throughout the halls of Time!

Alas! there never bloomed a flower
But had to fade away;
So swift speeds on each busy hour
That marks Life's little day.

Good-bye to daisy fields so gay
And skies of azure blue
And fragrant scent of new-mown hay,
I bid you all—Adieu—

While Summer sings this farewell song,
A solace, let it be:
"I'll come again, t'will not be long
And bring them *all* with me."

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN

WHERE Autumn goes,
Ah then, who knows
Where she doth hide
While icy snows
Envelope vale and mountain-side;—
Where Autumn goes,
Who knows, who knows?

Where Autumn goes,
Who knows, who knows
Where she doth stay
'Till Spring breaks forth in carols gay
And Summer smiles upon the rose;—
Where Autumn goes,
Who knows, who knows?

No more the woods in red and gold
Their fairy lore to me unfold
Of some weird tale or legend old:
Too soon the trees with branches bare,
A look of loneliness will wear;—
While sighing in each wind that blows,
This echo comes,
Who knows, who knows?

CHILDHOOD DAYS

OH joyous years, oh days of bliss,
Oh sunset hours with Mother's kiss
That bade farewell to parting day
When tired out with childish play
I slept, and visions rosy bright
Were mine in Fairy-land all night.

Oh dear old home among the trees,
Oh garden kissed by summer breeze
Where happy with the birds and flowers
I spent so many merry hours;
Oh give me back that golden Prime,
Those jewels from the hand of Time!

IN A ROSE GARDEN

LOVE glided on a moonbeam
Into a garden fair;
He nestled where the roses shed
Their fragrance on the air.

'Ere long a maiden, strolling, came
Into this garden fair;
She held a letter in her hand,
A rose entwined her hair.

A silvery laugh the roses heard
But Silence held the air!
Only the moon through fleecy cloud
Saw who was hiding there!

(Set to music by the author.)

DOWN IN OLD VIRGINIA

DOWN in old Virginia
Where the rhododendrons bloom
And the fragrant woods breathe ever forth
A languorous perfume,—
There it is that I would linger
Where all Nature is attune;
Down in old Virginia
Where the rhododendrons bloom.

MOUNTAIN LAKE

OH lake of placid waters,
Begirt with emerald hills!
Oh lake of limpid beauty,
Fed by a thousand rills!

I love to take my shallow boat
And float upon thy breast,
And close my eyes to all the world
And simply dream and rest.

'Tis then the witchery of thy spell,
'Tis then thy power divine,
Drive all the ills of life away
And make me wholly thine.

LA RIVIERA

THERE is a spot I love so well,
Where slope the purple Esterel;
Fanned by the gentle zephyrs pure
Upon the far-famed Côte D'Azur.

Southward a sea of sapphire blue
Commands a broad extensive view;
And to the north a garden wild
Laughs in the sunshine like a child!

No lovelier scene will ever be
Engraven in my memory,
Than this dear spot I love so well
Where slope the purple Esterel.

Nice, France.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

IN a gay gondola drifting
Underneath the Bridge of Sighs,
With the moonlight on the water
And the starlight in your eyes,

In the dolce far niente
Of that city on the sea,
With the sound of music stealing,
Strains of Dolce Napoli,—

So to-day in memory drifting
Underneath the Bridge of Sighs,
I hear again the same sweet music,
See the starlight in your eyes.

Venezia, Italia.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

A ROSE within a desert waste
Is Allah's garden fair,
And stately palms and flow'ring plants
Grow in luxuriance there.

Without, the sloping sand dunes
Like billows of the sea
Roll on in ceaseless motion
To the distant Kabyle.

Within this tropic garden
Fanned by the Orient breeze,
How grateful to the traveler
Is the verdant shade of trees.

And sound of cooling waters
Like music in the air:
No other garden in the world,
Like Allah's garden fair.

Biskra, Algeria.

A SONG OF THE SEA

I HEAR the music of the sea
And watch its restless blue;
I roam for hours upon the beach
And think and dream of you.

In every wave that rippling leaves
Its song upon the shore,
I seem to see your face again
And hear your voice once more.

I care not whether clouds do come
Across the sky and sea,
No fear have I of coming storm
While Love sings on to me.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS

SOME day of days when sunlight glows
Upon the petals of the rose,
When meadows waft the perfume rare
Of clover blossoms in the air,
We'll meet again, dear heart, once more
As we did in the days of yore.

Some day of days when skies are blue
We'll pick the clover, just we two,
And hear the birds sing in the trees
Their sweet and happy melodies;—
Oh Fortune, turn thy wheel once more,
And bring again those days of yore!

(Set to music by the author.)

A TOAST

TWENTY years ago this hour,
A wedding bell hung in a bower
Of roses pink and lilies white,
A very garden of delight.

We'll drink a health to twenty more
E'en to the good old age, fourscore;
And happiness where'er we be,
On Earth or in Eternity.

FIFTY YEARS

(Lines written to one on his fiftieth anniversary.)

LIFE'S book lies open before me,
I have reached the fiftieth page;
Is it true what thereon is written
That I'm fifty years of age?

Come turn the lights lower, beloved,
Let us talk of the years gone by
When we both were little children
With never a cloud in the sky.

For Youth lives ever in sunshine
And, departing, takes from us the joys
That were ours in our innocent childhood
When we played all day with our toys.—

Takes from us that something which never
Again seems the same as before;
We're older and wiser and stronger,
But the dreams of our childhood are o'er.

Then it is that we shoulder the burdens
That come in the heat of the day,
And solve Life's intricate problems
That vex us and harass our way.

And so, hand in hand, we are treading
The path of the coming years;
Secure in our love for each other
And casting on Him all our fears.

SLEEPY EYES

A LULLABY.

EYES are growing sleepy,
Eyes of deepest blue,—
Nestle close to Mother
While she sings to you.

On the fairy Dreamland Ship,
Baby sails away;
She will ne'er come back to me
'Till the break of day.

Lullaby, Lullaby,
Sleep, my darling, sleep;
Angels guard thy slumbers sweet
And in safety keep.

(Set to music with violin obligato by the author.)

VACATION DAYS ARE OVER

VACATION days are over;
The boys will soon be here!
The days have flown too fast for them,
For us, it seems a year!

We've had a peaceful summer,
We staid at home to rest;
But we've missed the merry laughter
Of those voices we love best.

We've missed their eager faces;
We've missed their smiles and tears;
And the hours we spent together,
And shared their hopes and fears.

O little men and women!
O youth and summer time!
Enjoy each passing moment
Of childhood's golden Prime.

For as the years roll onward,
Who would not give his all
To be a child and live again
Those days beyond recall.

HOLLYHOCKS

THERE'S not a flower I do not love
Within my garden fair,
That I've not watched and tended
Each day with patient care.

I'm proud of all their beauty,
The rose's sweet perfume,
The mignonette and pansy
And heliotrope a-bloom.

And now and then in fancy
I see again the home
And the dear old-fashioned garden
Where once I used to roam.

And growing there the flower,
The one I love the best;—
The hollyhock, to me more dear,
More fair than all the rest.

POND LILIES

THERE circled by a grove of trees,
A lake lies still and deep :
And on her bosom's fair expanse,
The white pond lilies sleep.

What know these humble flowers, of strife
Or envy—or unrest?
Would that all lives could be like theirs
With sweet contentment blest.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

'TIS not in the hoarding of millions
That the way to happiness lies;
'Tis not in seeking vain pleasures,
That end but in tears and in sighs.

One must look inward, not outward,
If one the secret would find
Of that happiness greater than riches,
Which is peace and contentment of mind.

'Tis what we can do for each other,
An act, a word, or a smile,
To help some sister or brother,
That makes Life a joy,—and worth while.

DAYBREAK

O COME with me, 'tis daybreak,
How fresh the air!
And hung with dew,
The flowers wait for you—for you,
O come with me, 'tis daybreak!

Come hear the trilling of the birds,
And cast all care away;
For, look, the radiant morn
Proclaims a glorious summer day;
O come with me, 'tis daybreak!

ASHES OF ROSES

I PLUCKED sweet roses
Bathed in silver dew
And laid them at your feet,
For love of you.

And then in silence
With your eyes cast down,—
I waited—and no answer came,—
But just a frown.

Sweet as those roses bathed in silver dew,
Comes back to me to-day Love's dream of you;
Sweet as a rose and yet more sweet, more fair,
Like scent of summer incense in the air.





